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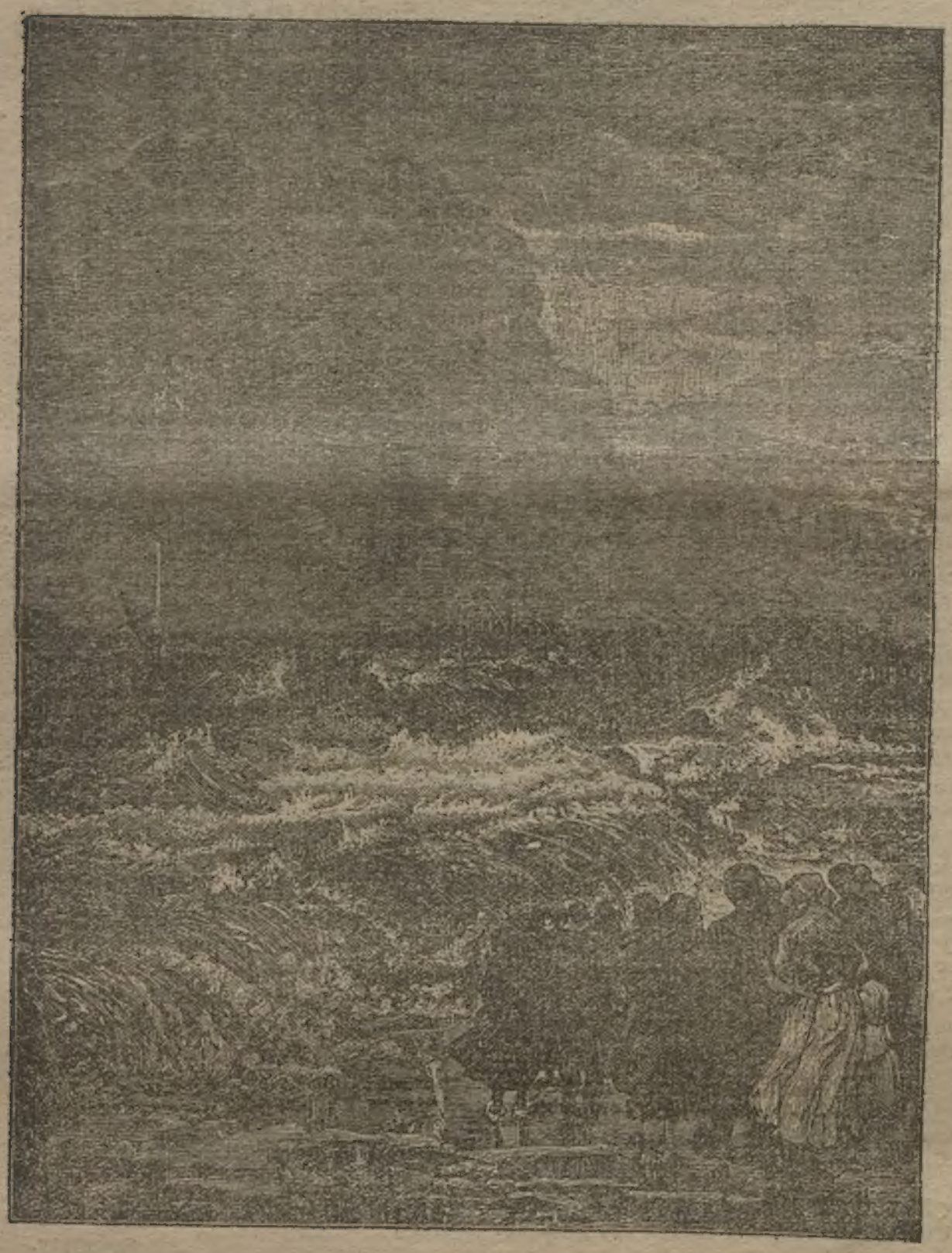
Betty's Last Prayer.

(C. N. Barham, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The wind blew a gale from the eastward, and the sea, breaking upon the shore, flew inland in clouds of scud. The day was not one for anybody without urgent business to be abroad in, yet all the adult inhabitants of the hamlet of Ragness were on the beach.

No, not all of them. Betty Crouch leaned against the table, gazing out of the window between the geraniums of which she was proud. Betty was old and paralyzed. Although usually reconciled to her lot, she was harboring a rebellious spirit because of her inability to do anything which would be of service, when all the neighbors were astir.



THE INHABITANTS OF THE HAMLET WERE ON THE BEACH.

Betty was a sailor's daughter and a sailor's widow. In her earlier years she had been able to pull an oar with the best of the men. Now, when lives were in peril she was helpless.

Half a mile out at sea the surf boiled over Ragness sand, a shallow bank which, when the wind blew heavily directly off the continent, exacted a cruel tithe of victims from those who go down to the sea in ships. Betty saw, as those on the shore saw, a brig under nearly bare poles, trying to beat its way northward, but drifting towards the sand. 'If that vessel escapes destruction it will be by a miracle!' the old woman moaned, wringing her hands.

The men on the beach stood by their boats, ready to launch them when the vessel struck. They recognized her as a collier in ballast, and were prepared to venture their own lives on behalf of the crew; while the women present did not attempt to dissuade them from their desperate adventure.

A hardy race are those Lincolnshire fishermen, fighters of the sea from their youth upward. The blessings of many a traveller along the highway of the German Ocean rest upon their heads.

The wind shrieked, and the brig drifted nearer to the submerged sandbank. Betty fell upon her knees, and prayed, 'O Lord, make the storm a calm—save those men! Perhaps they have mothers, wives, or bairns; for their sakes, mercifully deliver them! There may be some boy on board who would do great things for thee, if only his life were spared; I beseech thee, don't drown him! Some of them may be sinners, Lord—cut them not off in their sins, but give them time for repentance. 'Tis a cruel sand, Lord, but thou art not cruel! Oh, if I were not so helpless——!'

Betty's prayer was hushed as a fiercer blast struck the cottage, causing it to tremble. She fell forward, still upon her knees, with her head resting in her hands on a chair.

Outside, the clouds burst with the shock in a downpour of rain. 'She's struck, God help them!' was the cry, as all rushed the boats down to the water's edge. They were mistaken. With that tremendous roar the wind veered sharply round to the southward. Before the boats could be launched, the brig was seen safely running before the wind under a scrap of foresail.

Betty's last prayer was heard and answered. Her soul went out with it. When they found her, she had entered the fair haven and was at rest.

Lorenzo Dow and the Cobbler

('The Youth's Companion.')

Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric circuit-preacher widely known through New England and the South, eighty years ago, lives in tradition chiefly for his oddities; but he was a man of strong character, who loved his work and loved the souls of men.

His sermons and his ways of doing good were peculiarly his own, but they were often surprisingly effectual—not merely because he was singular, but because he was sincere. An aged lady whose father's large farmhouse was one of Mr. Dow's favorite stopping-places in Rhode Island, related some years ago the following story of him from her earliest recollection:—

One winter afternoon my father overtook the eccentric preacher on his way to fulfil an engagement, and took him into his waggon.

'I am glad to ride,' said Dow, 'for there is a thaw coming, and one of my boots has sprung a-leak.'

As they went on my father suggested a way to repair the damage. 'A cobbler lives in that little red house yonder,' he said. 'He is poor, lame, crabbed and cross, but a good workman.'

'Just the place for me,' said Dow, jumping off and going into the little shop. He sat down silently in front of a few brands smouldering upon the hearth, and pulling off his boot handed it to the cobbler. The man looked at the leak and swore.

'I am afraid you are not a Christian, my friend,' said Dow, quietly.

'There are no Christians,' retorted the cobbler. 'There are plenty who pretend to be'; and he waxed his thread with an angry jerk that seemed to emphasize what he said.

'Your room is so cold that your wax is hard. Shall I put more wood on your fire?' said the preacher.

'I work to keep warm,' was the shoemaker's curt reply, as he pushed a last into the boot and adjusted his clamp. 'I've little enough wood cut, and no one to cut more, and this lame leg won't allow me to do for myself.'

Dow removed his long caped cloak, put his bootless foot into an old shoe lying near, and going to the shed found an axe and went to work. Before the boot was ready he had split and carried in all the wood in the shed, piled it neatly in a corner, and made a blazing fire of the chips.

When the boot was done he put it on, paid for the work, and taking his cloak said, 'Thank you, my friend; you have proved yourself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."'

The reply came this time with real civility: 'I'm much obleeged to you. I shouldn't wonder if there was some Christians in the world—and you one of 'em.'

'I try to be one; good-bye'; and Dow was off, leaving the astonished cobbler saying to himself, 'Wal, ef he's tryin' he don't take it all out in talk. He never preached at me so much as a word.'

That evening Dow, who often picked up his text on his way to meeting, spoke from the words that had come to him in the shop (2 Tim. ii., 15): 'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' He had a large audience and he preached practical religion to them, enforcing in his original way the truth that everywhere there were poor and unfortunate people for Christians to look after, and this work must be done 'if we expect the world to believe in our Christianity.'

Dow spent that night with us, and the next morning one of my father's teams left a load of wood at the lame cobbler's door. Passing the shop on his way to his next appointment, Dow looked in and said:

'Good morning, my friend. I would saw this wood for you, but there are duties awaiting me further on. I think there must be Christians enough in this community to look after a useful citizen like you.'

Before the cobbler had recovered from his astonishment at being called a 'useful citizen' two or three schoolboys came to have little jobs of cobbling done, and while they waited they acted on the hint given by Dow in his sermon and worked at the wood-pile.

From that time little kindnesses done to the cobbler became so common that he quite lost his crabbed temper. His neighbors gave him no use for it.

'Everybody seems to be helping me,' he said. 'If I'm "a useful citizen" I ought to be ashamed not to help somebody myself.'

The next time Dow came to our neighborhood he was told:

'The cobbler has given up his cider and pipe, he sings hymns instead of foolish songs, and reads the Bible to a blind neighbor.'

Dow replied, '"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump"—and a little good example goes a great way.'

Whatever Lorenzo Dow's singularities were, he understood the religion of the New Testament. He knew that a Christian is at his best only when he makes himself an object-lesson of his doctrine.

Intercessory Prayer.

('The Congregationalist.')

The instinct of intercession must have wakened in every mother's heart when she first looked upon the helplessness of her child. It is the friend's resort in absence. It is the Christian's opportunity. It was the utterance of Christ's love. It sums up human brotherhood and divine co-operation. God will not be alone in his beneficence. He invites us to make requests, to share his thoughts of need and danger, to consider his problems of redemption and supply.

The province of intercession far transcends the boundary of personal relations. Its field is the world. Just so far as knowledge grows and love of Christ constrains, the lives of others come within the circle of our prayers. If the father's heart in Abraham melts for his son and he cries, 'O, that Ishmael might live before thee!' so also the fate which hung over a great and wicked city moves his heart to pity and to prayer.

It was God's choice of man for partnership which gave Abraham courage for intercession, and God did not pass sentence upon Sodom till he had met and satisfied the sense of justice in his friend. Here is a hint for our petitions. We need not fear to outdo God in willingness to help or save. Our prayers are contributions to that fellow-working which aims at the upbuilding of a kingdom of righteousness which is also the kingdom of God. We are free to come, but we are bound to trust. Our appeal cannot rest in present satisfactions; it must reach toward the great end which God has most at heart. Our appeal is to his larger wisdom and his deeper love. That wise and loving will of God must be the ultimate and complete satisfaction of all prayer.

Our Christian life needs enlargement in this direction of intercessory prayer. Paul remembered the Philippians in every supplication. A true pastor always has his people in remembrance. A true friend finds the needs of his friend rise naturally from heart to lips in prayer. The priesthood of believers finds expression here and gains its own reward. The prayer that God will quicken others is the best petition for self-quickening. The prayer that God will raise up leaders for the church suggests our duty of personal witness-bearing. It is an opportunity which poverty may share and love can never exhaust. In using it to the full we draw closer the happy ties of fellowship with God in thought and work for man.

Queen Victoria's Bible-Class.

(The 'Christian Herald,' London.)

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Queen Victoria conducted a Bible-class at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty was then nearly sixty years of age; but those who had the privilege to receive instruction from her testify to the fact that no Sunday-school teacher of half her years could have been more painstaking to make her pupils fully grasp what she had to impart to them than our late beloved Sovereign. When the Court stayed in London there used always to be a great many servants at the Palace, and as a considerable number of these were married and had children, Her Majesty decided to form a Bible-class for the especial benefit of the little ones. This novel Sunday-school was held in one of the Queen's private rooms, and sometimes quite a large number of children were present. Her Majesty conducted the Bible-class herself, and many of the children, who have since grown up to be men and women, look back with intense pleasure and justifiable pride to the time when they had for their Sunday-school teacher none other than the Queen of England. Those lessons have now passed into history—the history of the private life of England's most loved ruler. A chapter in the Bible would be selected by Her Majesty. This the scholars read in turn, verse by verse. The Queen would then explain the more difficult passages in simple language, and then set forth the lesson which was to be learnt from the chapter. Favorite children's hymns were also sung.

The Victorian India Orphan Society of Winnipeg.

This society comprises members of all Protestant denominations and was organized during the famine of 1897. An orphanage was opened at Dhar, in Malwa, where ten acres of valuable land was given for the purpose by the Maharajah. An ordained Presbyterian missionary and a lady doctor, both Canadians, were put in charge, assisted by native teachers. The boys are taught farming, gardening, weaving cotton rugs and blankets, tailoring, carpentry, etc., and the girls are taught cooking and all other housework and make all their own clothes, and many of them also do fancy needlework which commands a ready sale. A large proportion of those taken in in 1897 have already become self-supporting.

The society's membership fee is $1.00 and the maintenance of an orphan $17.00 a year. The support of a native teacher costs from $30 to $40 a year. The secretary-treasurer is Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

A SECOND GIFT.

Montreal, Jan. 17, 1903.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in remitting on behalf of the Outremont Union Sunday-school the sum of twenty dollars for the Victorian India Orphan Society to pay for the support of one orphan for this year. Our Sunday-school promised with the contribution of last year to try and raise a similar amount for this year's support. I am pleased to report success in raising two dollars more than the sum required for the support of an orphan for one year. Our school is deeply interested in the good work and trust that a contribution for 1904 will be forthcoming in due time.

Yours truly,

W. A. WILSON,
Secretary.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Fire at the Old Manor House.

(J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

It was twenty years and more since Henry Brightwell left his father's home. He had gone little more than a boy; he was returning a middle-aged man, looking even older than he was.

He had been a wanderer in many lands, living a wild, even dissolute, life, and now in coming back there was none of that bright hope of loving and cordial welcome, that so often cheers the wanderer at the thought of home.

He had deeply offended his father ere he left. It was not simply that he had squandered his inheritance—he had done that sinfully and wickedly, but there was one act his father would not forgive. He had banished him from his home, had disinherited him, and returned, unopened, each letter he had sent. But Henry Brightwell was not the same man as when he went away. A long illness roused his conscience. He began to realize how wrong he had been, how wicked it was to waste life, and to sin as he had sinned. And above all, whenever he prayed for pardon, the grieved and troubled face of his father rose up before him—that father who had loved him so and had hoped for such great things from him—seemed to stand between him and God. And when Henry Brightwell got better, he said, 'I will arise and go to my father.'

Oh, how that ingratitude and sin troubled him! It rose up between him and the hope of forgiveness whenever he prayed. It was a burden on his conscience, so that he felt he must get his father's pardon before God would forgive him. And he had come back from California in order to gain it.

Oh, what feelings rose within him as he walked through the old park, where as a boy he had so often played, and stood at the door of the old house, a stranger where he ought to have been at home! He entered the old hall he remembered so well, where the old pictures still hung, and the trophies of a bygone age; and then he sent in his name. He learned that his father was ill, confined to his room, and lived alone, his mother having long been dead.

Presently the housekeeper returned. His father would not see him. 'That which was done, was done,' the old man said, 'and could not be changed.' Nothing would alter him, and Henry had to go away with despair in his heart.

He went through the park, across the bridge over the stream, and into the woods beyond. All recalled the old days—days so happy and so full of love. And now all was changed. He was an outcast, hated and unforgiven.

Oh, fool that he had been to fling all away so recklessly! He threw himself down on the ground, strong man as he was, and cried earnestly to God for help.

HE AT LAST EMERGED, HIS FATHER HAPPILY SAVED.

Somehow that prayer calmed his soul—it seemed as though a dawn of hope came upon him. He rose, went back to his hotel, and, having dined, went up to his room.

By this time the night had set in, but he could not sleep. Restless and weary, he got up and dressed himself. He would tire himself out with another walk, he said. He had scarcely got up to the park gates when he was startled by the great bell at the Old Manor. It was ringing an alarm. It was a call for help.

In a moment he started full speed for the house. Presently a glare through the trees suggested fire, and if possible quickened his pace. A terrible spectacle presented itself to him. The old home was on fire, clouds of smoke were rising up, and the red glare from within told how firmly the fire had taken hold. The servants were shouting outside, and some had seized valuable ornaments and were bringing them out.

'Where's the master?' he cried.

'The master!' They had forgotten the master. The old man was ill in bed. Somebody had seen after him—must have done. But they had not, so Henry, buttoning his coat around him, rushed into the flaming house, up the staircase—happily he knew the place well—and into his father's bedroom.

The old man had fainted in his agony and fear, so Henry, seizing a blanket, wrapped it around him, and taking him in his arms—what was the weight to him in such a moment?—rushed back again. By this time the staircase had ignited, and through the flames he had to rush. He felt the scorching agony as he leaped down the stairs, and at last emerged, his coat charred to ashes, and the blanket scorched and shrivelled, but his father happily saved. He had been just in time—barely that.

They were both carried into an outhouse hard by, he more burnt and injured than his father. But though the agony of the burn was great, he felt a peace of mind and heart that was greater still. God had heard his prayer; he felt now he could trust Christ's promise, and things would come right.

And they did. His father, as he lay in that burning house, neglected and forgotten, remembered with compunction his refusal to forgive his boy. Was this a judgment on the hardness of his heart?

And when he found himself saved, and that by the very boy he had sent away, his heart softened, and the old love came back again, and father and son were once more united. The old man rallied wonderfully, and lived for some years, tenderly cared for by his son.

Henry Brightwell lived to be a good and useful man. But he never forgot those wasted, sinful years. 'Ah!' he once said to a friend, 'those twenty years at times trouble me still. I broke my mother's heart, I filled my father's life with grief; I think God has forgiven me, but I can scarcely forgive myself.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

Joan's Test.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Joan stood watching the light spring waggon as it went rattling down the long lane, waving her hand in answer to the white 'kerchiefs that kept fluttering back from the tiny hands that held them. But despite her assumed gaiety, her eyes were dim with tears, and as soon as the waggon disappeared around the curve, she broke down and cried like a baby.

Just at that moment Jack came back from shutting the lane gate, and spying her tears, exclaimed lightly: 'Hello, Jo! not tears, I hope! You'd make a dandy soldier, with the cry always in sight.'

'I'm not crying,' retorted Joan, angrily. 'And even if I were, it would be no one's business but my own.'

Jack gave a low whistle, and turned away, and the next moment Joan went back into the house to begin her battle with the toils and trials of the day. Though it had been a year since the Brents had exchanged their pretty cottage in town, for the cabin in the wilderness of the West, this was the first time that the mother had left home to be away over night to make a necessary trip to the settlement store, twenty miles away.

'Joan can manage well enough for a couple of days,' said her father. 'She is past fourteen, and needs a few lessons in self-reliance.'

So Joan was left in charge of the house and baby, but the mother lightened her burdens by packing the roguish Dick and the mischievous Edith into the waggon by her side, where she had them under her own eye and management.

'It's too bad, mother,' laughed Joan's father, who, like Jack, was fond of twitting Joan about her cowardice. 'Poor Jo will have nothing to do all day but hunt imaginary burglars.'

But despite her father's joke, Joan ate no idle bread that day. The confusion of the morning, which left the house in a topsy-turvy condition, added considerably to the routine work of the day. To make things worse, little Dannie, cheated out of his morning nap, demanded more than his rightful share of her attention. With everything combining against her, the young housekeeper made no headway with her work, so that, when at eleven o'clock Jack came in he found the stove fire out and no dinner.

'Dinner not ready yet ' he asked, pleasantly enough.

'If you'd use your eyes you might have saved yourself that question,' Joan snapped, crossly.

'It's eleven o'clock,' remarked Jack, glancing at the old-fashioned clock in the corner.

'Suppose you tell me something I don't know,' retorted Joan, impatiently.

'I'm hungry,' said Jack, a merry twinkle in his eye.

'Well, I can't help it,' returned Joan. 'I've been working for the last hour to get Danny asleep, and just as I was about to lay him in his crib, you came in like a whirlwind and waked him up.'

'Let me have the rogue, Josie,' said Jack, gently, taking the peevish child out of her arms. 'It was awful clumsy in me to disturb him; awful,' and then as Joan started to the kitchen, he added: 'I say, Jo, don't trouble about dinner. Just give me a piece of bread and butter. It's dreadfully warm outside, and I don't care for a cooked dinner.'

'I'm not in the habit of setting working men down to cold dinners,' returned Joan, with a peculiar stress on 'working.' 'But I do think you might have started the fire for me.'

'Of course I might have kindled the fire, and will do it yet,' he said, but when he reached the kitchen the fire was roaring in the stove, and he beat a hasty retreat.

Joan was still pouting when dinner was ready, and did not sit down to the table at all. Jack made two or three attempts to be sociable, but failing, relapsed into silence, and a few minutes later went back to the barn to his work. At last, when the dishes were out of the way, and Danny sleeping soundly in his crib, Joan cut the leaves in her new story book and sat down for a full afternoon's enjoyment with book friends.

She had not been reading more than half an hour, when Jack, axe on his shoulder, came rushing in, to say that he was going to the wood to fell trees. Coming from the sunlight into the darkened room blinded him for the moment, causing him to stumble over a chair, making a racket as to rouse Danny out of his sleep, and start him to screaming again.

'You idiot!' cried Joan angrily, rushing to the crib, and beginning to jolt it in a vain effort to quiet the child.

'Oh, I forgot the baby!' exclaimed Jack. 'Poor little chap; I'm so sorry I wakened him.'

'It's a pity you couldn't be sorry in time to avoid the mischief,' said Joan, as she pushed him back from the crib. 'I wish you'd keep out of the house altogether.'

'I just came in to tell you that I am going to the woods and it was so dark I tripped over the rocker,' explained Jack.

'I wish you'd go to the woods and stay there,' returned Joan. 'You are always tumbling in when you are not wanted. This is the second time you have waked Dannie to-day.'

Jack's eye flashed indignantly, but he controlled himself.

'I am off for the clearing,' he said. 'Leave the milking until I come back. Good-bye.'

Joan made no reply; she did not even lift her eyes from the crib, where, despite his fright, Danny was already beginning to doze again. She heard Jack's step on the gravel outside and felt an impulse to call him back and beg his forgiveness. She sprang to the window, but he was already out of hearing of her voice, and striding down the long lane, and he did not turn his head nor once look back until he disappeared in the dark woods beyond.

With a sigh she went back to the crib, but Danny was sleeping sweetly, and when she tried to lose herself in her book it had lost its interest. During the next hour she busied herself putting the house in order, giving extra pains to Jack's neglected room. She had never before noticed how bare and homely his den was, but in that hour of contrition her eyes were opened, causing many of the dainty belongings of her own room—curtains, cushions, flowers, and nameless bits of brightness to change owners—thus transforming the ugly den to a place of beauty.

That was a long, long afternoon to Joan, and it was with a breath of relief that she watched the evening shadows gather. To give Jack a pleasant surprise, she had milked the cows, and to make up for the

unsavory dinner she had served him, a tempting supper, in which his taste had been consulted, was waiting his coming.

Meanwhile, out in the forest, the hard luck of a woodsman had overtaken Jack. For several hours after reaching the clearing he worked away steadily, one tree after another going down under the blows of his axe. But towards evening a false step threw him under a falling tree, pinning him securely to the earth. He tried to call for help, but could not. Then he began a fierce struggle to free himself, which, despite his great suffering, he kept up until all was darkness around him, and he seemed to feel himself slipping away from earth.

While he lay there, unconscious of everything that was going on around him, Joan waited for his return to the home. Not until the evening deepened into black night, did she begin to fear for his personal safety. The clearing extended over a large tract of land, and quite frequently it was after dark when the men came home from their work.

Several times during the early hours of the night she took Danny in her arms and walked down the long lane, calling loudly for Jack, but nothing except the echo of her own voice came back to her. In her suspense she forgot her timidity, and as soon as Danny was asleep for the night she lighted the lantern and locking the door, set out alone for the clearing. She went through the woods, calling Jack's name and listening eagerly for the answer that did not come. Not a sound, except the occasional snapping of a twig under her feet, or now and then the twitter of a bird, startled from its sleep in the boughs over her head, reached her ears. At last, however, she came upon the freshly fallen trees, where she felt sure Jack had been at work during the afternoon. His saw and maul were there, giving evidence of his late presence, and a little further search she found what she was seeking, Jack held fast to the hard, cold earth under the trunk of a prostrate tree.

For one moment she stood as if paralyzed, and then with a brave effort, she knelt by the unconscious boy and began her attempts to free him. But she could not raise the tree an inch. It was two miles to the nearest neighbor's dwelling, and the time spent in going for help might be fatal to poor Jack, almost lifeless already. Whatever assistance he got must come from herself, and quickly, too. She realized this, and looking round she came upon a pick and spade, by the aid of which she soon hollowed out a place by Jack's side, and then from this cavity undermined the earth under him, thus lowering him sufficiently to drag him into the hollow, and from thence out upon the green sod. Then from a stream near by she brought water, and bathed and rubbed his hands, face and breast, until his blood began to circulate freely.

When he could swallow she heated the coffee she had brought with her, the hot drink infusing new warmth and strength into the boy's shivering body, so braced him up that a start was soon made for home. It was a tedious journey, however, for with a broken arm and bruised body he could take but a few steps without stopping to rest. But at last, half-carrying, half-dragging the sufferer, Joan opened the cottage door and helped him to the couch near the fire. A hot bath, followed by a liberal use of arnica, warm poultices and bandages to support the broken arm, brought much relief. As soon as she thought it safe to leave Jack she slipped out, and running across the fields to the nearest neighbor, asked him to go for the doctor.

The doctor came and looked grave after he had finished his examination of Jack's breaks and bruises, but said cheerily, 'You are in a pretty bad fix, my boy, but things would be a great deal worse if you had not had a regular little mother to look after your wounds and bind them up until I came.'

'If the little mother had not gone out to hunt me up, I'd still be lying under that tree in the dark forest,' returned Jack. 'She is a first-class heroine.'

'Oh, Jack! and you know what an awful coward I am!' exclaimed Joan. 'Afraid of my shadow, even in broad daylight.'

'That proves it,' argued Jack. 'The greater the coward, the braver the deed,' and then, much to Joan's embarrassment, he gave the doctor a brief account of the coward's bravery.

'That was nothing,' insisted Joan. 'Nothing more than any girl could have done.'

'But not one in a hundred would have stood the test,' urged the doctor. 'They would have screamed and run away, and Jack would have died while waiting for them to bring help.'

'At any rate, I'm glad it was Joan, and not one of the other girls,' said Jack.

'Oh, Jack, don't heap any more coals of fire on my head,' said Joan, and then turning to the doctor, she began: 'Doctor, I want to tell you more about that day's work.'

But here Jack laid his hand playfully over her mouth, and nodding toward the door, said: 'Here comes father and mother! Suppose we let them decide where the coward ends and the hero begins.

Janie.

(J. L. Harbour, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When David Doane, who had been a tin-pedler, died, his wife, to use her own words, stepped right into his shoes. Four days after her husband's death, Mandana Doane harnessed Old Tod, her husband's big bay horse, hitched him to the cart containing the tinware and began her career as a tin-pedler. Two hours later she halted in front of my father's house. When my mother and sisters went out to the cart, Mrs. Doane, who had the reputation of being 'an awful talker,' gave free rein to her tongue, and said:

'Yes, I'm going to take Dave's place and go right on with the tin-pedling business. I know that it ain't common for women to go trailing over the country with a tin-pedling outfit, but that's no reason why I shouldn't do it. I've got no children to keep me at home, and I have my own living to make. I've often gone with Dave on his trips, and I know just how he bought and how he sold, and I don't see any reason why folks shouldn't be as willing to buy of me as of him, long as I behave myself and sell as cheap as he sold. It's a perfectly respectable and honest business, and I feel better when I'm out-of-doors. Maybe some folks will talk about it, but they can't say anything bad if they tell the truth, and lies don't hurt anybody.'

'Of course not,' said my mother.

'I don't know of any other way to earn a living; and there's no good reason why I shouldn't earn a living this way, so here I am, ready for business. Fetch out your rags, if you have any you want to trade for tinware, or get your pocketbook if you want to buy for cash. I have some good brooms, and a small but good stock of crockeryware.'

My mother bought a broom and a couple of tin pans, and Mrs. Doane went on her way, saying at parting:

'I'll be back this way in about three weeks. I intend to stock up with a lot of new things when I get over to Clay Centre.'

Three weeks from that day, Mandana Doane again drew rein in front of our house. We were at the dinner-table when we saw her driving up the dusty road, and father said to me:

'Go out and put up her horse. We must have her eat dinner with us.'

'Of course I will,' said Mrs. Doane, when the invitation had been given. 'I said to Janie as I drove up to the house, "I hope to the land they will invite us to dinner, for I am as hungry as a bear." Janie didn't say anything, but I know that she hoped so, too.'

Janie was a stranger to us. She was a scrawny, timid-looking girl, about thirteen years old, who sat up on the waggon-seat beside Mrs. Doane. She had on a faded blue and white calico dress, a pink apron and an old straw hat with a soiled green ribbon. Her bare, brown feet showed below her scanty dress. She was a homely little girl, except for a pair of big blue eyes with a wonderfully appealing look in them.

'It was her eyes that fetched me,' Mrs. Doane explained to my mother, when they were washing the dishes together and Janie was looking for the wild strawberries that grew at the edge of the orchard back of the house. 'I got her at the poorhouse over in Zoar. I stopped there to dicker with Jake Black and his wife, who run the poorhouse now, and this girl came out into the yard. Jake spoke so sharp and ugly to her and his wife gave the child such a black look that I felt sorry for the poor young one. The Blacks are tartars, anyhow. They don't treat any of the town poor decent, and they went out of their way to be ugly to Janie Carter. When I got to Zoar Centre, I made some inquiries about the girl from one of the selectmen I know over there, and the upshot of it all was that I got him and the other selectmen to give me a paper authorizing me to take the girl away from the poorhouse on my way back. You know what I did that for?'

'Simply because you are always doing kind deeds,' replied my mother.

'Shucks! I ain't, either! I'm a hundred and eighty-seven and a half pounds of pure selfishness. I had a selfish object in taking that girl out of the poorhouse. The fact is, Mary Horner, I found driving over the country by myself an awful lonesome piece of business. Sometimes the houses are three miles apart. And I like some one to talk to. I just made up my mind to take that child out of the poorhouse. She has no father or mother, or no one else that cares for her. She hasn't had anything but abuse since she was born—poor little thing!'

Mrs. Doane wiped the tears from her eyes before adding:

'That child has been so abused she would dodge every time I lifted my hand.

The first day she was with me she let a teacup fall and broke the handle off, and she began to whimper and beg me not to beat her with the waggon whip. As if I would beat her with anything! She'd start up in her sleep, and scream and say, "Oh, don't whip me any more! please don't!" She seemed to expect me to beat her a dozen times a day. And she's the awfullest coward in the dark, because she's been scared to death and told all sorts of wicked stories about the darkness. Sometimes we have been out as late as nine at night, and that child would snuggle up to me and shiver and cry out at every little sound, or at an owl hoo-hooing. It's a burning shame to treat a child so!'

'Indeed it is!' said my mother, heartily. 'I think so, and I think it is my duty to be mighty kind to the poor child to make up for all the unkindness she has met with in her hard life. I don't expect to keep up the pedling business only in the summer-time, so Janie can go to school in the winter. She will be company for me. It's terrible hot to-day, isn't it?'

'Very hot, indeed.'

'I think likely it will end in a thunder-storm. We need all the rain that will come. I noticed the fields were awfully dry and parched as we drove along. Old Tod seems to have felt the heat more to-day than any time this summer. He's gone a little lame, so I guess I'll stay here and let him rest until along toward the cool of the evening, if you don't mind.'

'Oh, do stay! Don't go out in this heat.'

'Well, I won't. I feel kind of all het up myself, and I'd rather sit out here on your back porch than go trailing round in the dust and heat. If you have any carpet-rags or any other plain sewing, you fetch it out and let me work on it. I'll get the fidgets if I'm idle.'

Mrs. Doane sat on the porch with my mother, sewing and 'visiting,' until nearly six o'clock. Then she looked up suddenly and said:

'My! How it is clouding up out in the west! I must hitch up and jog along home, or I'll get caught out in the rain.'

'You'd better stay until after supper.'

Mrs. Doane 'reckoned' that she 'had better not,' but finally concluded to do so. It was nearly dark when she started for home.

'I shan't mind being out after dark,' she said. 'It's only five miles, if I take the short cut through Tobey's woods. It's the lonesomest road in this country, but I'll have Janie for company. Looks as if we'd get a wetting 'fore we got home.'

The western sky had grown blacker and blacker, and it seemed even more sultry than during the earlier part of the day. We noticed that Old Tod walked with a decided limp when he came out of the stable. Mrs. Doane had said, when Janie was not within hearing:

'I never saw a child so scared of a storm as she is. She'll screech out at every clap of thunder. I guess she'll be scared enough before we get home.'

They drove up the road, and in a few minutes we saw them disappear in a strip of timber. Thirty minutes later it was so dark that we had to light lanterns to finish doing the chores about the barn. The wind had begun to rise, and there was an occasional ominous roar of thunder. We expected the storm to break at any moment, and were surprised when it held off for about two hours. Then it burst with terrific fury. The wind blew a gale. The roar of the thunder was almost continuous. The lightning was blinding, and the rain came down in torrents. We thought at one time that a real cyclone was at hand, and were about to seek refuge in the cellar, when the fury of the storm abated a little.

'I do hope Mandana Doane and that child reached home before this awful rain came upon them,' said mother.

'Whether they did or not, has depended upon Old Tod's lameness" father answered. 'He was limping badly when we lost sight of them. I pity that child if they are out in this tornado.'

The storm raged with almost unabated fury until about ten o'clock. By eleven o'clock the wind had died down, and there were only occasional roars of thunder and flashes of lightning. The rain still came down in torrents.

We had all gone to bed, and only mother lay awake. Thinking she heard some one call in the darkness, she sat up in bed and listened. A shrill, tearful voice cried:

'Mr. Horner! O-o-o, Mr. Horner!'

'Do get up, Henry!' cried mother. 'There is a child calling out in the rain! Listen!' Father sat up in bed, and he, too, heard the cry. He ran to a window and called out:

'Who is it?'

'It's Janie. Mrs. Doane's hurt. Oh, I'm afraid she's killed away off there in the woods! The wind blew the waggon over, and Mrs. Doane fell out on a stone wall. I couldn't get her to speak to me, and I came away back here for you! Oh, do come!'

She began to sob aloud. Father was out at the gate almost immediately, and mother reached the door just as father came into the house leading the sobbing girl. She was drenched with rain. She had evidently stumbled in the darkness, and fallen again and again. One hand was bleeding, and there was a cut on her face. Never was there a more forlorn-looking object.

'Now tell us all about it,' said father, kindly.

'Well, Old Tod got so lame he could hardly walk, and we were in the woods when the storm came. We had driven out into a little open place, when the wind blew the cart over against a stone wall. Mrs. Doane fell out and the horse fell down. I couldn't make Mrs. Doane speak, and I couldn't get the horse up, so I walked all the way here. Oh, dear, dear!'

She began to cry, and to beg father to hurry.

In a very few minutes father and his hired man were in a waggon on their way to Mrs. Doane. They found her four miles from our house, lying on the ground, moaning with pain and only partly conscious. Her right leg was broken, and she had been stunned by striking her head on the wall. They had taken a mattress with them, and they put the injured woman on it, and then, after seeing to the horse, started on the way to our house.

'To think of that little girl walking those four long miles in all that storm!' said father, as they drove along. 'She would probably have lost her way but for the stone walls on either side of the road. How she must have suffered! She is a little heroine! What a pitiful-looking object she was, drenched and bleeding. My wife will have all she can do trying to calm the girl down—poor child!'

The doctor father brought from the town said that the injury to Mrs. Doane's head was not serious. Her broken leg was set, and for five weeks she and Janie were at our house. On the day they were to leave, Mrs. Doane said, with tearful eyes:

'I never can repay you for all you have done for me, Mary Horner, and I never can be too good to that child for the way she has acted. I'd died there in the woods if it hadn't been for her bringing help. And was there ever a girl kinder or more loving than she was while I lay here? I had to almost drive her out to play, she was that anxious to be doing for me. Look how she'd sit and fan me for hours those hot days! Look how she'd jump and run for anything I wanted! She ain't ever going to lack a friend while I live. Don't let any one ever say to me that there ain't any such thing as kindness and gratitude in the world! It isn't so. I have had good proof of that in the last five weeks Why, Mary Horner, there's kindness everywhere!'

Speak Up, Boys.

('Success.')

Next to standing erect, and having a manly bearing, I like to have a boy speak up when he is spoken to. He can never make a good impression if he mumbles or 'mouths' his words when he is talking to others. Clear and distinct enunciation is a valuable trait for a boy to possess. I was in the office of the president of a great corporation, one day not long ago, when he rang his bell for his office boy. The boy came in a moment, and the gentleman said:

'Did you take that package over to Brown & Smith's for me?'

'Mum-mum.'

'Did Mr. Brown send any message to me?'

'Mum-mum-mum—'

'What did he say?'

'Mum-mum-mum-mum—'

'Oh, speak up so that I can understand you!' said the gentleman, a little sharply. 'I do not know what "mum-mum-mum" means.'

It sounded exactly as if the boy were saying 'mum-mum-mum' every time he opened his mouth. When he had finally held up his head and had spoken more intelligibly, and had then gone from the room, his employer said:

'I really think that I shall have to let that boy go. He mumbles everything he says so that I can hardly understand what he means. I do not like to send such a boy with messages to our customers. I like a boy who can speak up like a man. He can do that and at the same time be a perfectly modest and respectful boy. Somehow, I feel rather suspicious of a boy who hangs his head and mumbles everything.'

I think that a good many people have that feeling, although a boy may be excessively shy and mumble all that he says, and at the same time be a perfectly honest boy. But he makes a very poor impression, and will not advance so rapidly as the boy who looks one squarely in the face and speaks up like a man when he has anything to say.

The voice has much to do with a boy's success in life, and it should be well cultivated. There are boys who speak up so that they can be heard a long distance every time they open their mouths who are even more objectionable than a boy who mumbles. An over-loud, brassy voice, with a kind of defiant ring in it, is extremely unpleasant, and is sure to make a

very bad impression. A voice with a whine in it is always irritating, and an insolent tone of voice has told against more than one boy when he has been in search of a position. The voice that is clear and distinct, and at the same time deferential, is the voice that makes the best impression. Don't mumble, don't 'meech,' don't whine, and don't use an insolent tone when you speak.

You may think that it is of no consequence how a boy speaks if he does his work properly and faithfully, but I am sure that you are mistaken. There are other things to be taken into account besides doing one's work as it ought to be done if a boy hopes to get on in the world. I know a young man, nearly thirty years of age, who is very thorough in his work, and would long ago have been advanced to the position of foreman of the establishment in which he works, but for the fact that he is boorish in his manners. The manner of one's speech, as well as one's general bearing, are all considered at certain times apart from his work. So, speak up and acquit yourselves like men, boys!

Telling 'Nice' Things.

(The 'Christian World.')

I know a girl—in fact she's a very dear friend of mine—a young, timid, struggling artist who is trying to support herself by her brush. This is not a small thing to accomplish, as perhaps many of you know by experience; so my little friend has begun housekeeping in a modest way. She lives in two rooms at the top of a very tall house and she does her own cooking on a small kerosene-stove; but she's a brave girl and paints away for dear life.

I went to call on her the other day, and took with me a friend of mine who is also an artist, but one who is far along that hill of success which Nan is now so patiently climbing. I had hoped much for Nan from this call, so introduced them with a beating heart. She shook hands cordially enough with Nan, who was trembling with nervousness, and seemed graciously interested in her work, for she turned over sketches, looked at paintings, and then, with the picture of an old woman's head in her hand, sat down and talked art all the rest of the afternoon to her heart's content. I did wish it had been to Nan's heart's content,' but one glance at the child's face told me it was not, for it was art that was away over her head.

Meanwhile there was no word of praise from her lips, neither any criticism, even of the kindest; and her comments were of the mildly polite style that is exasperatingly like the faint praise which condemns. Do you wonder that I felt like shaking her when I looked at the repressed hope and longing on the face of the poor little striving Nan? I was almost ready to cry with disappointment when we got into the street again.

'Why didn't you say something nice to that child,' you miserable woman?' I burst out at last.

She looked at me in unmitigated astonishment.

'Say something "nice" to her?' she echoed her face one whole exclamation point of surprise. 'Why, it never entered my head to do so. Do you suppose she expected me to say anything?'

'But,' I artfully inquired, with an eye to the future, 'don't you think she has talent?'

'Most certainly I do. The head of the old woman is a gem in itself, and, what is more, I know a man who will buy it at her own price. I wonder who her model was?'

'I don't know,' I said, abstractedly, for I was planning a call upon Nan the very next day; 'but I will ask her.'

And I wish you could have seen Nan's face when I carefully repeated the 'nice' things I had saved for her. It was the impersonation of joy itself.

'And to think what a perfect goose I was yesterday,' she said, with a happy laugh 'I actually cried myself to sleep after you had gone and forgot about my supper. But there, I do believe I'll never be discouraged again.' And she shook the frying-pan so joyously that the chop she was frying over the kerosene-stove danced a merry jig as though out of pure sympathy with her.

Oh, it's a wonderful tonic, is this 'telling nice things to people!' I have seen it work the most surprising results at the most surprising times.

Keep an Account, Girls.

How many girls who may read these lines keep an accurate, carefully-balanced account book? asks 'Harper's Bazaar.' An English girl who is always thoroughly trained in the management of a house considers it a proud day when the key, basket and account book are turned over to her, for which responsibility, however, that begins with the keeping of her own accounts. It is excellent training in thrift to keep regular accounts. Every girl should do it of her own expenditures. Only the simplest petty cash system is necessary. Use the double page of a fair-sized account book, marked the left hand page debit (dr.), and the right credit (cr.). When the latter page is filled add up the column and balance the amount with the money received, which will be the amount on the debit page. Carry forward to the following double page in the same way. The amateur accountant will do well to balance accounts carefully each week. The account may be kept even if no regular allowance is received. Nothing is more illuminating and useful to a girl than a knowledge of her expenses. This, no matter how articles are paid for, by an allowance, by credit at shops, or by money given separately for each purchase. Shopping values will be learned unconsciously, and if items are carefully looked over from week to week careless unnecessary purchases will be fewer. It is quite probable that the candy and soda water counters might not be lined five and six deep with girls, as they often are, if each buyer counted up conscientiously the money she invests now in this ephemeral, and sometimes most unwholesome, gratification of appetite. An account book quickly teaches economy, in short, to any one who tries it.

One Orange Too Many.

(The 'Cottager and Artisan.')

'A young friend,' says Mr. O'Shea, asked me to show him the elephants, so we went with an offering of oranges, which the lad was to carry. But the moment we reached the stable-door the herd scented the fruit, and set up such a trumpeting that the boy dropped the fruit and ran like a scared rabbit.'

There were eight elephants, and Mr. O'Shea, as he picked up the oranges, found that he had twenty-five. Walking slowly along the line, he gave one to each. When he got to the end of the narrow stable, he turned and was about to begin the distribution again, but suddenly reflected that if elephant number seven saw him give elephant number eight two oranges in succession, he might fancy himself cheated and give the distributor a smack with his proboscis; so he returned to the door and began at the other end of the line, as before.

Three times he went down the line, and then he had one orange left. Every elephant had his greedy gaze focussed upon that orange. It would have been as much as a man's life was worth to give it to any of them. What was he to do? He held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and ate it himself.

'It was most amusing,' he says, 'to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 24, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Little Sermon by 'Rare Ben Johnson.'
The Irish Land Conference—By T. W. Russell, M.P., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Pride of the East—By Arthur Campbell.
Sikh Loyalty—'The Times,' London.
'Christian Democracy in Italy'—Correspondence of the 'Manchester Guardian.'
An Ideal Archbishop—By G. W. E. Russell, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Public and Wall Street—'The World's Work,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Vereetchagin—By T. Williams, in 'Leslie's Weekly.'
Perils of Picture-Buyers—The New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Breton Legend—Antonia Kennedy Laurie Dickson, in 'Chambers' Journal.'
English Authors in France—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
'Italy, My Italy'—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Write in Your Margins—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Abyss—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Reasonable Complaint—The London 'Globe.'
Tchaikovsky and Tolstoi—Abridged from the 'Contemporary Review.'
Queen Victoria, a Biography—The 'Morning Post' and 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Arnold's Notebooks—'The Nation,' New York.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

University Union—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
A Physician's Aspiration—'American Medicine.'
'A Booke of Medicines'—By Dorothy Frances Gurney, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Fuel Briquettes in Germany—By Frank H. Mason, in 'Cassier's Magazine.'
Electricity from the Sky—'The Electrical Review.'
Glass Disease—'The Lancet,' London.
Glass Vessels not Insoluble—'L'Illustration,' Paris.
Organisms which Assimilate Silica—The 'National Glass Budget.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Precious Footstool.

('Friendly Greetings.')

There was a family in France, long, long ago, who had a footstool of which they took particular care, and which they used in a singular manner. When strangers were present, the footstool was set aside in some out-of-the-way place, where it would not attract attention; but when the family were alone, it was sure to be brought into notice again. Sometimes the father would take it on his knee, and, turning it upside down, bend over

UNDER THE FOOTSTOOL A BOOK WAS FASTENED.

it with the deepest interest. Sometimes it was the mother who held it on her lap, and gazed at it as tenderly as if it were her youngest babe.

What was there about that footstool that made it so precious?

Under the footstool a book was fastened, where it was out of sight, and yet its pages could be turned, and it could be read from beginning to end.

This book was the treasure and comfort of the family. It told them of a Friend who was near them at all times, and who was able and willing to save them in every danger. It told them of a beautiful land where sin and sorrow cannot come, and where there shall be no more sickness, and no more death. It taught them how to act at all times and in all circumstances. It gave them comfort in every trouble, and cheered them in the hours of the greatest misfortune. More than all this, it told them of a Saviour, for whose sake the sinner may be forgiven, and received into an eternal home of joy.

I hardly need to tell you the name of this book, for the Bible alone contains such good news, such words of comfort and gladness. But why was this precious book kept in such a strange hiding-place? Why was it read secretly and with trembling?

Alas! in that sad day the Bible was a forbidden book in France; and those who dared to read it were threatened with punishment, and even with death.

That French family loved their country and their home; but there was something which they loved better—that was, liberty to read God's Book openly, and to worship him truly. They heard of a land far over the sea, where the poorest man might pray aloud in his own words to his Father in heaven, without fear of cruel soldiers or more cruel priests.

They heard of a land where the Bible might be openly read, and the Saviour openly served; and to this land they resolved to go.

They left the pleasant vineyards and the green hills of their native France, and across the wide seas they sailed.

Very happy they must have felt when they were safe on board that ship. The waves of the sea might dash against the vessel's sides, the winds might roar around it, yet they were happy. Their precious Bible was with them, and they might read it without fear.

The sea was crossed at last, and in the land of America this French family found a home.

Very sweet it must have been to them to sing their hymns together, and together pray to God, with no spy to listen, and no danger to fear. The Bible they had so loved and guarded was treasured in their new home, and handed down to their children in remembrance of their sufferings and trials in their native land.

The French family have long since passed away from earth, but the Bible that was hidden in the footstool is still to be seen in the hands of their children's children. The family that now own it live in Western Pennsylvania.

Keeping Back a Part.

('Central Presbyterian.')

'Say, Ted, let's earn some money.'

'How?'

'Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?' and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. 'That's in front of Mrs. Lange's house, and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter.'

'But likely the man himself is going to put it in.'

'Oh, no, he isn't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away? Come, let's hurry,' and Jim rushed down the street, followed quickly by his companion.

They paused to take breath in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house with his offer.

'Why, yes,' said that lady, pleasantly, 'I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off.'

So, armed with shovels and pail, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was hard work for such little fellows; they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal-shed was, but they went at it bravely, and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said:

'Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even.'

'No more it won't,' was the reply.

'Twelve for you, and twelve for me,' Ted went on; 'but what about the other cent?'

'I don't know,' Jim said thoughtfully; 'we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to any one more than to the other.'

'There's your baby,' suggested Ted.

'Yes, but there's yours, too, and they both can't have it, and giving it to one more than to the other wouldn't be even.'

'I say, Jim!' Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, 'there's the old blind man, corner of Manhattan avenue.'

'That's so," assented Jim, 'and he's both of ours. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to you any more than to me. We both kinder own him—don't we?'

'Yes, we both helped him pick up his money the day he slipped—didn't we?'

'Of course; so he'll have the extra cent.'

Having arranged that important matter, the two little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

'Now we're done,' said Jim triumphantly.

'Yes, we're done,' echoed Ted.

But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least half a pail of coal, and Jim asked himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along, and saw, too. Looking at Jim, he read his thoughts and said, 'Oh, pshaw! let's don't bother about that little bit, we're both too tired.'

'There's the dust on the sidewalk, too,' remarked Jim slowly, 'the putter-in always cleans that off.'

'But we're not regular putter-ins,' argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.

But Jim stared at the gutter, and did not reply.

'What's the matter? What are you thinking of?' asked Ted.

'Why, I was thinking about the story that we heard down to the mission school—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying.'

'Nias and Sophia?' asked Ted.

'Ananias and Sapphira,' corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily remember hard names. 'Yes, that's them.'

'Well, what have we to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keeping anybody's money—are we?'

'No, but—' and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

'But what?' said Ted with wondering eyes.

'You see, it's just like this,' Jim went on, thoughtfully, 'that man down to the mission school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done.'

'Well, then, let's take up the coal,' and Ted started for the shovel.

'All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way—ain't it, Ted?'

And Ted gave a wise little nod by way of reply.

A Seal's Intelligence.

(Chas. F. Holder, in 'Golden Days.')

A few years ago some fishermen were following their vocation off a harbor on the Maine coast, when they observed a commotion on the surface, and soon made out a seal leaping from the water as if followed by some enemy.

It came near the boat, swimming around it several times, and then, making a leap, the men saw that it was being chased by a large fish.

One of the firshermen dropped his line, and, stepping into the bow, leaned over, and held out his hands. To his amazement, the seal immediately dashed toward him, and, with his help, scrambled out of the water into the boat just in time to escape the sharp weapon of the swordfish that darted by, its big eyes staring, probably in wonder at the method of escape, to its fishy intelligence being evidently a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire.

But the little seal apparently knew better, and it need not be said that its confidence was not misplaced, as the men were so pleased with its action in coming to them that they kept it as a pet, and the seal became a familiar object about the shore.

The fishermen had a small house upon the beach, in which their boats and nets were stored, and here the seal made its home, sleeping on a pile of old cloths, and during the day lying upon the sands, lazily rolling over in the enjoyment of perfect freedom.

When the men came down to the shore the seal was there to greet them, frisking about and attempting to crawl into the boat. When not taken in, it would follow the boat out, swimming alongside, with its intelligent black eyes fixed upon them. If taken into the boat it would lie on the forward deck and watch its protectors, occasionally eating a fish which they tossed over to it, or diving over after one which they threw away.

During the winter the seal was moved up to the home of one of the fishermen, where it spent much of its time by the kitchen fire.

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LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 15.

Christian Self Control.

1 Corinthians viii., 1-13.

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Golden Text.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace. Rom. xiv., 19.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 9.—1 Cor. viii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Feb. 10.—1 Cor. ix., 19-27.
Wednesday, Feb. 11.—Prov. iii., 1-17.
Thursday, Feb. 12.—Gal v., 13-26.
Friday, Feb. 13.—Phil. ii., 1-13.
Saturday, Feb. 14.—Col. iii., 1-14
Sunday, Feb. 15.—Matt. v., 43-48.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

1. Now as touching things offered unto idols, we know that we all have knowledge. Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.

2. And if any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.

3. But if any man love God, the same is known of him.

4. As concerning therefore the eating of those things that are offered in sacrifice unto idols, we know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one.

5. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many, and lords many).

6. But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.

7. Howbeit there is not in every man that knowledge: for some with conscience of the idol unto this hour eat it as a thing offered unto an idol; and their conscience being weak is defiled.

8. But meat commendeth us not to God; for neither, if we eat, are we the better; neither, if we eat not, are we the worse.

9. But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.

10. For if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols?

11. And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?

12. But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ.

13. Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.

TIME, PLACE AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

Last week we left Paul at Corinth, where, we learned, he preached for a year and a half. When he left there he sailed for Syria, and took with him Aquila and Priscilla, whom he left at Ephesus. He then visited Jerusalem and Antioch and also the churches of Phrygia and Galatia, and finally made his way back to Ephesus. He continued at this city over two years, and while there wrote to the church at Corinth the two letters we have in the New Testament. From the first of these, the Sunday School lesson for to-day is taken.

The church at Corinth was only about five years old, and some troublesome questions had arisen in the young society. Remember they did not have the New Testament as we have it, nor Christian books and papers to guide them, but rather they were largely dependent upon what they had learned from Paul and, at the same time, were surrounded by heathens whose lives were most corrupt. The perplexities of this young church, relative to matters of conduct, led them to write to Paul for advice. Our lesson is taken from the apostle's answer with reference to the eating of meats offered to idols.

Alford says that these meats 'were those portions of the animals offered in sacrifice which were not laid on the altar, and which belonged partly to the priests, partly to those who had offered them. These remnants were sometimes eaten at feasts holden in the temples, or in private-houses, sometimes sold in the markets, by the priests, by the poor, or by the niggardly.'

It is very easy to see that in the course of their everyday life, Christians might find such meat placed before them. Now, as they no longer worshipped idols, the question was, should they, being Christians, eat what had been offered to idols?

Lesson Text

In the first verse Paul uses the expression, 'We know that we all have knowledge.' That is to say, we know that we realize the truth about idols, that an idol is nothing, and that so far as the meat is concerned, it makes no difference to the intelligent Christian whether it has been set before an idol or not; the Christian knows that the meat is not in itself changed in that way. The decision as to the righteousness of partaking of such food must, then, rest upon something else than one's own personal knowledge of the emptiness of idolatry.

The apostle gives a hint in this verse as to the basis of this decision, when he adds, 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' Mere knowledge will not do. This is a passage of Scripture which should be especially studied in this age, when men are very proud of their learning. If the head alone is educated we have a very one-sided man. The word 'charity' is better translated by our word 'love.' In verses 2 and 3 Paul further emphasizes the uselessness of knowledge alone, and shows how love and the knowledge of God are related.

Having then opened his answer to this question by explaining that it is necessary to have more than knowledge in order to appreciate the principle involved, he proceeds to take up the question itself. In verse 4 he says that we know that an idol is nothing, and that there is no God but one. The heathen believe that the idols they make can control the lives and affairs of people, but the little idols, which missionaries bring from heathen countries, seem to us very helpless. We see that they are only miserable images made of stone, metal, earthenware or wood, and we have no fear of them. If a bit of meat were clean and fit to eat we would not care very much whether it had been placed before one of these heathen idols or not, because we have a knowledge of the true value of such things.

Paul says that though there are many so-called gods and lords, to us as Christians there is only one God, the Creator, and one Lord, Jesus Christ. Hence, meat offered to idols is not really offered to other gods at all, for there are no others. Verse 6.

Still, we cannot dismiss this matter so easily. The fact that an intelligent Christian is not worried by his own personal rights in such a matter does not decide the question. In verse 7 the apostle says, 'Howbeit there is not in every man that knowledge.' Men's intellectual gifts vary. Some men easily throw off some old error and at once understand clearly a new truth that is presented to them, but there are others, again, who cannot so easily do this.

In the Revised Version the rest of verse 7 reads, 'But some, being used until now, to the idol, eat as of a thing sacrificed to an idol; and their conscience being weak is defiled.' Some of those who have but lately accepted Christ have been so accustomed to thinking of the eating of meat offered to an idol as a part of idol worship, that they cannot realize that to one who does not believe in the idol there is no worship in eating such meat. Therefore, the sconscience of such a person being weak, he is apt to be led into sin by seeing his more intelligent and strong brethren eat of this meat. By weak conscience may be meant one that is not clear in its promptings, or one that is too weak to compel the person to act rightly.

We can easily realize how such a feeling would cling to a person who once worshipped idols. If a child has been badly frightened in the dark, he may come to realize after a while that the dark cannot hurt him, but still he feels nervous and uneasy when in a dark room alone. The old fear still leaves a trace. He will not therefore be as courageous as one who never had such a fright. To many of these poor Corinthian Christians idolatry had been such a great and important thing that it seemed to them, even after they no longer believed in the idols, that, somehow, meat which had been offered to the idol, was unfit for a Christian, that if the Christian ate it he would be worshipping the idol. But as stronger Christians could be seen eating of such meat, some of these weaker ones would be tempted to follow their example, though they could not do so with a clear conscience.

In verse 8, Paul says that the eating of the meat does not commend us to God, that we are neither better nor worse for doing so. How, then, shall we decide? The great lesson for us is in verses 9-13.

In verse 9, he gently urges us to be careful, lest our liberty—that is, our freedom in the matter of eating the meat or not—may cause those that are weak to stumble. Here we get the great idea of this temperance lesson. In many forms of indulgence the danger is to oureslves as well as to others, as in the case of strong drink. If we get to drinking, we may perish through becoming drunkards. But eating meat of itself contains no such danger. The question here is, What influence will it have upon someone else? We must be temperate and even abstain from some things, not on our own account, but for the sake of others who may be guided by our conduct.

In verses 10 and 11 Paul illustrates what he has been saying by supposing a case of this kind, where a strong, clear-minded Christian eats of meat in an idol's temple, and one of these weaker brethren, seeing him do so, smothers his own honest doubts and his conscience in the matter and also eats of the doubtful food. Eating in the temple of an idol would be decided much in the same way as eating meat offered to idols. As the heathen gods do not exist, the Christian would regard a heathen temple as no different from any other building where food was set before men.

The responsibility of the strong Christian's example is shown in verse 12. If we thus by our example and careless conduct cause a weak person to sin, we also sin. The weak person sinned when he did what his conscience could not approve, and we sin by placing our personal liberty above the safety of our brother's soul. In the closing verse Paul sets forth his own noble principle in his resolution never to eat meat if his doing so causes his brother to offend.

There are many Christians who insist on enjoying every form of pleasure that cannot be proven harmful to themselves, no matter how they influence others who are more easily tempted. Such have not the spirit of Christ.

The church is injured by an endless discussion among its members as to their right to play cards, dance, attend theatres, and even drink. Many argue that such indulgences do not harm them personally, and that therefore it is wrong to ask them to give them up. That is a narrow and selfish view of the case. We know that many young people have been ruined by just such pleasures. Therefore, we should apply Paul's high-minded and generous rule, and be willing to sacrifice certain pleasures, so that our influence may strengthen the weaker ones about us.

The temperance cause in this country would not be achieving the success that is beginning to come to it, if all the good people who could safely take a little wine or beer were to insist upon that 'right.'

When a war breaks out and the country is in danger from an enemy, it can be saved only by men who are willing to give up their personal liberty and rights, to be ordered from place to place by the government, and to lay down their lives for their country, if necessary. The idea of the lesson is, Be temperate and abstain, not for your own sake alone, but for others.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Topic—Lessons from Ben-hadad's defeat. 1 Kings xx., 12-20.

Junior C. E. Topic

WHAT WE OWE OUR PARENTS.

Monday, Feb. 9.—Honor. Ex. xx., 12.

Tuesday, Feb. 10.—Obedience. Prov. xxiii., 22.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.—Respect. Lev. xix., 3.

Thursday, Feb. 12.—Submission. Heb. xii., 6, 7.

Friday, Feb. 13.—Gratitude. Matt. vii., 11.

Saturday, Feb. 14.—Attention. Prov. v., 1.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Topic—What we owe our parents. Eph. vi., 1-3; Prov. i., 8, 9.

How it Paid.

(Sue Elizabeth Stoever, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Edward Cole was ten years old and the man of the house. It was nearly a year since the father had died and left the mother alone with the two children. Mrs. Cole had taken in sewing and worked early and late to keep the little home, and the children at school, but it was too much for her strength, and she was obliged to go to bed and stay there for weeks.

Edward succeeded in getting a place with Mr. Carminy, the grocer, and soon learned to be very useful. True, he worked hard, but he was well pleased to be able to bring the wages home every week. Sometimes Mr. Carminy gave him a basket of groceries, and so the little family managed to live in the plainest way, and pay the rent promptly every month.

One evening, just before leaving the store, Edward heard Mr. Carminy say to one of the clerks: 'To-morrow we will begin to sell whiskey. All the other stores do, and we must, too. The first lot has been delivered this afternoon.'

Edward's heart sank. He knew he ought not to handle any intoxicating liquor. How careful his father had always been to teach him to have nothing to do with strong drink. Edward could never forget the verse learned just before his father died: 'Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.' Nor could he forget how earnestly his father had talked to him about it.

'Never, my boy, have anything to do with those things that will not please God. Choose the good and be a loving child of the dear heavenly father. Then he will have you in his precious keeping, and you can safely trust him.'

All the way home from the store Edward was considering what he should do the next day. His heart was heavy, but he tried to put away the anxious thoughts and greet his mother as usual. There was not much sleep for Edward that night, but the more he thought the matter over the more he felt he could not sell whiskey.

The next morning he rose early and with the help of his sister Bess, eight years old, got breakfast. Then he said good-bye to his mother and started off with his dinner basket, feeling it was hardly worth while to carry it. He swept the store front as usual and attended to his early duties; then, seeing Mr. Carminy had come in, he went to him in his office. It was hard to begin, but the brave boy did not wait.

'Mr. Carminy,' he said, 'you have been kind to me, and I am sorry to tell you what I must. I heard you say that today we would begin to sell whiskey. I do not think it right, and I cannot do it, sir. I'm sorry, very sorry, to leave, but, sir, I am not able to do what you require.'

'Tut, tut, boy! Why this objection? I myself don't want to sell whiskey, but I must. All the other stores keep it. A merchant must look at things in a business-like way. Come, think it over. There's your mother to support. It won't do for you to give up a good place like this.'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' replied Edward, 'but I cannot do what you ask, and there is nothing but to go.'

'Well, of course, if you will persist, but you are throwing away a good chance.'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' repeated Edward. 'I thank you for all you have done for me.' And the boy could say no more, but, going for his cap and basket, walked out of the store and gave up his weekly earnings that he might 'cleave to that which is good.'

On the way he met a neighbor.

'Why, Edward, you are going in the wrong direction. Nothing the matter, I hope.'

Edward told him what had happened.

'I'm afraid you were a little too rash, my boy,' was the answer. 'You would better hold on at least till you had other work. You know you have to keep the family, and you can't live on air.'

This was poor consolation, and Edward trudged on wearily.

Bess was tidying the kitchen.

'Home so soon, Eddie! Were you anxious about mother? The doctor says she is better this morning.'

Without answering the question, Edward gently pushed open his mother's door.

'Why, my son, is it you? Anything wrong?'

'No, mother, I hope not,' answered Edward, with a smile. 'I'll come and tell you all about it directly.' Then he mounted to his little room. Taking up his Bible, he turned to the marked verse: 'Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.'

'Yes, that is what I am trying to do. I'm sure father would say it was right.'

In another place were these words: 'How much more shall your father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.'

Edward knelt and asked God to help him in this hour of trial. Then he went down to his mother's room and told her all about it. She drew him to her and said: 'Thank God I have such a son. So like his father, too. Edward, we will trust God. He is our refuge and strength.'

Just then there was a knock at the front door and Bess came running in to say some man was asking for Edward. Edward went out immediately and was greeted with these words:

'I need a boy in my store. Can you come at once? I was asking a man if he knew where I could find a boy, and he said he had met you this morning going home from your old place. Would you like to come with me? I am William Forbes of the house-furnishing store. I'll give you a third more wages than you have been getting at Mr. Carminy's, and there's a chance for you to do still better if you prove the boy I want.'

Edward joyfully replied: 'O, sir, I'll come right away. Only let me just speak to my mother, sir, and tell her I have work again.'

'That's all right, my boy. Get your dinner first and be at the store at one o'clock sharp.' And the new employer went off well satisfied with his contract.

Mrs. Cole was overjoyed, and, as she put her arm about her boy, said: 'God be thanked. He always hears the cry of his children. It pays to trust and obey him.'

That was not the end of the story. Edward proved as faithful to his new employer. He made himself necessary to the business. He rose from one position to another, until he became a member of the firm. In every position he held to his motto, the verse learned long ago: 'Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.'

The Cause of Blindness.

('The National Advocate.')

Considerable excitement has been created in Baltimore by five damage suits against a large drug firm in that city, the charges being that the plaintiffs were made blind by drinking a preparation put up by the house called Jamaica ginger, in the manufacture of which wood or methyl alcohol had been used instead of pure grain or ethyl alcohol.

Last winter the 'Ophthalmic Record' had a long article by Dr. Herbert Harlan, of Baltimore, an eminent oculist, in which attention was called to the prevalence of blindness among people who use Jamaica ginger as a stimulating beverage. In his article Dr. Harlan says:

'Wood alcohol is certain to produce blindness when used as a drink or otherwise introduced into the system. If a large dose is taken on an empty stomach death is almost certain to follow immediately.

'The consumption of wood alcohol by manufacturing chemists throughout the country has increased enormously during the last decade. It can be bought for 75 cents per gallon, while ethyl alcohol costs $2.45 per gallon.

'It is time that the men who are sending bottled blindness and certain death broadcast through the country should be stopped.'

No Dram-Shops in the Valley

('A school-house on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley.'—Lieut.-Governor Manning, of Iowa.)

When we've a school on every hill
  No dram-shops in the valleys,
Our streets shall then with commerce thrill,
  Nor murderers haunt our alleys.
The home at night shall dim the light
  All fear of danger scorning,
For there shall be no drunken tramp
  To burn it ere the morning.

No more the wife shall hide in tears
  No children pine in sorrow,
Because the want, the pain to-day
  Drive hope from each to-morrow.
No more the bravest in our land,
  Free-hearted, strong to labor,
Shall stain with crime his trembling hand
  Made drunken by his neighbor.

No more the costs for drunken broils
  Shall tax the patient farmer,
Nor commerce shrink amid the toils
  When dram-shops clothe in armor.
No more shall prisons, jails display
  Our captive sons in fetters,
Because death's drink took will away,
  And made worse men their betters.

Then speed the shout—earth, ring it out
  Till every voter rallies,
And cries: 'A school on every hill,
  No dram-shops in the valleys.'

Keep Away From Bar-Rooms

(Alfred Ayres, in 'The Mentor.')

If you would preserve your good name, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your self-respect, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good manners, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good looks, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would keep out of the clutches of the devil, keep away from bar-rooms.

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Correspondence

HINTS TO LETTER-WRITERS.

Dear Little Letter-writers,—We thank you for your many good wishes for the New Year, and for your bright letters. Now, I want to speak about two things we cannot undertake, and you wise little people will understand that we have good reasons. First of all, though we are glad to see thoughtful little paragraphs from our readers expressive of noble sentiment, you must not be disappointed if these do not appear in the 'Messenger.' Secondly, we think it wiser not to give addresses of other little girls and boys in our columns, so you had better ask those whose letters you found interesting to write again to the 'Messenger.' We have had some very interesting letters lately. You are finding out, I think, that because one girl says something in her letter, that that is not a good reason why another should say it. For instance, just think what a lack of variety we would have if you all told how many sisters and brothers and pets and teachers you had and the number of each creature that inhabits a farm-yard and a catalogue of your studies (without a single remark on the objects of your different lists),—do you think you would like to read them as well as the descriptions of places some of the letters give us, or the stories of adventure which the young subscriber has been through or knows about? Perhaps this will explain why some of the letters of the dearest little writers are not always published. But whatever you do don't be discouraged; write again, whether you see your letter or not.

Correspondence Editor.

N.B.—Thank you, Etta Maclennan, for that Christmas card.—Ed.

Lantz, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. I am a little girl nine year old, and I live in the country. I have been trying to get subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and I thought you would like to know about some of the little boys who are getting the paper. One little boy in our school, my age, cut his knee with a hatchet and has been quite sick, but is well enough to read now. Another little boy fell the next week at school and broke his leg; he will not be able to go to school for some time and he wants the 'Messenger' to read. I have some little cousins in Mexico who are far worse off, as their dear mamma died last week, so I am sending them the 'Messenger' to help comfort them. The paper is also going to a little girl in the United States whose mamma has been sick for a long time, but is getting better now. I hope they will all enjoy the paper as much as I do.

HAZEL B. L.

(We think you are a most kind little girl and have worked well. Thank you.—Ed.)

Moncton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Moncton, where I live, is situated on the bend of the Petitcodiac River. It is a very pretty place, and has many fine buildings, and some of our newly-erected stores are as fine as in any of the leading cities in Canada. We are building a new hospital, the corner-stone of which was laid on Oct. 29 by the Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Moncton is a railway centre with headquarters for the Intercolonial Railway trains coming from Montreal, St. John, and Halifax. The railway shops and general offices are situated here, which give employment to a large number of men. We have a cotton factory and a large woollen mill, where they take the wool and make it into cloth and the cloth into suits for men and boys. I go to school every day. I have only missed one day in two and a half years. I take music lessons. I am on my sixth quarter. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I had two volumes of it bound, and I would advise other boys and girls to do the same; they make such a nice book and it is such a nice way of keeping them. I have a pet canary; he is twelve years old; he is a very nice singer.

HARRY C. M. (Age 13.)

Black Rock, Big Bras D'Or.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old and I live in a lighthouse. It is very pretty in summer, but cold in winter. We see lots of vessels and steamers passing. I have three sisters and two brothers. One of my brothers was killed at the steel works in Sydney. He was a good boy and is in heaven. My oldest brother came home from the Klondike about a month ago and we were all so glad to see him. He was away four years, and he brought us lots of presents. We have no school here this winter. I have twin sisters; they are going to school, one in Sydney and one at the Rev. Mr. Drummond's, who is our minister. I would have been in school, too, only I was sick, but I am getting better.

A. J. M.

Weston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I am interested in your paper I thought I would write and describe this village. It is about eight miles from Toronto, on the Humber River, of about two thousand five hundred of a population. It is connected with Toronto by an electric railway. Weston possesses four grocery stores, one drug-store, a post-office and a bake-shop, of which my father is proprietor; a very good public school and a good High School. My sister and I go to the High School. We passed our entrance examinations last summer. Hilarie was eleven and I was thirteen years old. I saw a letter from Miss Brown. I am well acquainted with her; she lives across the street from us.

RUTH MAC. (Age 13.)

Greenfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We only have Sunday-school in summer; there are only twenty-two scholars on the roll. My papa is superintendent in our school. Our church is called Greenfield Presbyterian Church and is only a branch of Dunvegan congregation. We have preaching every two weeks, the Rev. Mr. Gollan, of Dunvegan, and the Rev. Mr. Leitch, of St. Elmo, preaching alternately. But for all it is only a branch it is a very snug little church. I was in Montreal three years ago and I saw quite a number of things. I saw two monkeys and I did not like them at all. I went into all the great dry goods stores. I did not stay long that time, but hope to go soon again. My papa was visiting his brothers and sisters in North Dakota; he went via Winnipeg and Deloraine. We live on a farm a mile and a half from Greenfield. I have two brothers and no sisters.

CASSIE ANN K. (Age 11.)

Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' since I was five years old and now I am nine years old. We all like the 'Messenger' very well. Papa reads it all the time, and it is the best paper we take. We live on a high hill in a very pretty place. The school-house is built on our place. I have only to run down the hill a little piece and I am at school. I have only one brother younger than I, and we both go to school. Papa is a farmer. We have two sugar-bushes on our farm. We have a big orchard. We had a lot of apples this year, and also a good crop. My brother Thomas has a pet cat and I have a pet dog. He goes with me after the cows when I come home from school. I have to help papa, and mamma has no person to help her but us.

JOHN O. McD.

Hicksvale, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write and try to tell a little about the country I live in. This is a prairie country, and about twenty miles north of here there is some bluff where father gets the wood. It is very small wood. Here in the summer the prairie is covered with wild flowers. The roses are the most plentiful, while the orange lilies grow in abundance around the creeks; and there are ferns also. Around here it is pretty hilly, but farther south it is very level. This is a farming country. Off ten acres we get four hundred and nine bushels of wheat, but we had other wheat that did not yield so good as that. My father owns four hundred and eighty acres of land, three hundred and twenty being light land and one hundred and sixty being heavy land. My father set out three hundred and fifty maple trees in our garden two years ago, and they are doing nicely. We have no minister at present, but when we have one we have service every two weeks at eleven o'clock. In summer we have Sunday-school every Sunday. We always look forward for the 'Messenger's' weekly visit.

FLORENCE R.

Chalk River, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about a mile from the village. I have two sisters and one brother. Chalk River is small. It consists of a few scattered houses, churches, school-house and boarding-houses. The school-house has two rooms and has two teachers; their names are Miss Dewar and Miss Brock. There are four churches, Presbyterian, English, Lutheran and Roman Catholic. The Presbyterian church is about one mile east of the village, but there is a mission hall in the village and the service is held in it every Sunday evening and prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. The Sunday-school is also held in it every Sunday morning. There are quite a few scholars, although some come from a long distance. There are four teachers. I am in the Bible-class and it is taught by the superintendent, Mr. Dumouchell. Our minister is unable to attend the Sabbath-school, as he is always away on Sunday mornings at other preaching stations; his name is the Rev. G. D. Campbell, son of the Rev. Dr, Campbell, of Perth. The Ladies' Aid Society also hold their meetings in the Mission Hall the first Thursday of every month. The hall looks ever so much better since it was painted by the Ladies' Aid Society, The ladies bought the paint and painted it themselves with the aid of two or three gentlemen.

LIZZIE A. L. (Age 13.)

(A well-written letter.—Ed.)

Nanton, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I see some very nice letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write one, too, and tell you how we like this country. We came here last spring, and there was only a station, but now there is a store, a hotel a livery stable, a blacksmith shop, a butcher shop, a lumber yard, and four dwelling-houses. We are only one-half of a mile from Nanton and Nanton is 50 miles from McLeod and 56 miles from Calgary. We used to live at Oak Lake, Manitoba, but we left there because the country was too cold. This is a very pretty place where we live. We are only eight miles from the Foot Hills and forty miles from the Rocky Mountains, and we can see the snowy tops of them all the year round. There are thousands of cattle running over the prairie around here. My papa is a farmer and owns three-quarters of a section of land. My brother has sent in the Temperance Pledge-Roll. We did our very best, but we only got thirteen, as this is a new place and there isn't many settlers here.

LILY MAY S. (Age 11.)

(You worked very well.—Ed.)

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day when I am well. I am in the third reader. I go to Sunday-school, too, and like it very much, but don't like the day-school as well. I have two brothers both younger than myself. Their names are Harry and Lawrence. Lawrence is seven years old and Harry is nine years, while I am ten years. For pets I have a dog and cat. The dog's name is 'York,' but the cat has no name but 'Puss.' I was at my grandmother's for three weeks in the summer holidays, and I had a very pleasant time. She lives about half a mile from Mount Forest, and the railway runs by

their place, but it is only five minutes walk to the station. When I went there this summer I surprised them, as they did not know I was coming. Our harbor is full with boats of all sizes which are laid up for the winter. My birthday is on Oct. 25.

BERT M.

West Hanover, Mass.

Dear Editor,—The first time I wrote to you we were living in Annapolis, N.S., and since then we moved to Hanover, Mass. There is a house in this town nearly two hundred years old. We live on quite an old farm. The apple trees are very old, some of them over one hundred years old. We have a fire place, and a crane for cooking. I have a grey squirrel, and I call him Frisk; one of his legs is lame where he was caught. My father runs a saw in a mill two miles from home. When it is fine he rides his bicycle. I go to school two and a half miles from home. I go most of the way in a barge and have to start at a quarter to eight.

RUPERT McN. (Age 13.)

Echo Vale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible for getting five subscribers for the 'Messenger.' Thank you very much for the Bible; it is a great deal better than I expected. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have no Sunday-school now. Both my grandfathers and grandmothers are dead. There is smallpox in the village about four miles from here. My brother is lumbering in the woods this winter, and he hired another man to help him. I have never learned to skate, but I am learning this winter. There is a skating rink a short distance from here.

KATIE MacD.

Balallan, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. My mother has been in bed for the last six years, and she is not better yet, but I am very glad she is living. We had sad news in our district, the death of Mr. McDonald; he used to be our Sabbath-school superintendent. He was a good neighbor; everybody liked him; he was a good, kind father to his children. All his children were with him when he died. We will all miss him very much.

JOHN Y.

Burgeo, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. We live in Burgeo on the west coast of Newfoundland. It is a very rocky place; it is an island surrounded by islands. I have heard that there are three hundred and sixty-five all around it, one for each day of the year. Burgeo has a magnificent harbor, and there is a lot of boating done here in summer. Quite a few people live on different islands and come to this large island to church and school. It is pleasant in summer time, but very bleak in winter. There are eight shops, two churches and three schools here. I am in the fourth royal reader. I have four brothers and one sister. My papa took the 'Messenger' eighteen years ago when he was stationed north. Papa says he would like the 'Messenger' to be in every home, and I really think we could not do without it, we like it so much.

LILY C. C.

Cambridge, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country one-half mile from the school-house and Baptist church. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I love to read the Correspondence very much. I am a boy eleven years old. My birthday is on Nov. 17. I have no father. He was killed in his own saw-mill more than two years ago. I have no grandmother nor grandfather. The only grandmother I remember lived with us till last summer when she died. I live with my mother and three sisters and go to school every day that I can. I am in the seventh grade. I have a sister sixteen years old, and she got 'C' Certificate last summer. We have two teachers. We had a Christmas tree and concert in our school.

MELVIE D.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Kitchen as it Should Be.

('Good Housekeeping.')

When I furnish a kitchen as my workroom some idea as to convenience and the saving of time and steps modifies the arrangement of things. All the utensils are kept as near as possible to where they will be needed. The tin covers of saucepans and kettles are on a rack within reach of the range. The cooking forks and spoons have their niches just below. The little paring knife I like best is not in the knife box amid carvers and mixing spoons, but where I can get it without leaving the low rocker where I sit when preparing vegetables. The bread knife and cutting board (which last is apt to be the cover of a grape basket, light and clean) are always convenient to the bread jar. Two or three favorite saucepans are kept hanging abroad in full view near the water faucet, for is not the first step toward cooking almost everything the preparing for some freshly boiled water?

The House or the Home?

(The 'Christian at Work.')

'Why did you bring them in here, John? Mrs. Markham of all people in the world! You know what a perfect housekeeper she is. What must she have thought of this room!' said Mrs. Wood to her husband as the door closed on the neighbors who had been making an evening call.

Mr. Wood smiled in his happiest manner as he answered, 'It was just because it was the Markhams that I brought them into this cosy sitting-room. I wanted them to see what a home was like. I don't care a fig whether their house is always in order or not; I know there isn't a corner in it that compares with this room.' And with loving eyes he looked around the cheery living room in which books, magazines, papers, games, toys and the work basket gave evidence of the occupations of the inmates. 'I wanted,' he continued, 'Tom Markham to have a good time once in his life: for I don't believe he's ever happy in that great house where he never dares to move for fear of putting something out of order. Don't you see how he enjoyed it? I knew he wanted to help Jack with his kite, he could hardly keep his eyes off the boy. Poor Tom! to think their only boy should have run away! I don't wonder they both look old and worn.'

Mr. Wood sighed and his wife hastened to say, 'Oh, I didn't really care; only I thought it would seem like a dreadful confusion to them, the children get so many things around.'

'But they don't run away,' rejoined the husband. 'You know they seldom wish to go out evenings, and I know that you are a perfect home-maker, and that's worth far more than mere housekeeping.'

Oh, that all mothers realized this! I thought, as my mind followed the Markhams to their perfectly ordered but dreary house, unworthy the name of home. Now-a-days almost every newspaper has a household department, filled with rules and directions concerning all kinds of work, from dishwashing to the furnishing and care of the guest chamber. But is there enough said about home-making?

There is no doubt of the importance of good housekeeping; no doubt, too, that many American women have sadly neglected their duties in this line, and that some have been moved to reform by the popular agitation of the subject. But do we not know 'perfect housekeepers' who make their husbands' lives a burden, and sour the dispositions of children not yet in their teens.

The majority of American women are not rich; many add to the myriad housekeeping duties the care and training of children, with only a 'general housework' girl to help along. Let such women attempt to keep house in accordance with the strict rules laid down by the writers on housekeeping, and who will blame them if they never get beyond the daily routine?

I have read of a woman, with a husband and five children, who did all her own work, kept her house always in perfect order garret to cellar, never neglected her children's manners, morals or clothes, excelled as a cook, was always informed as to the contents of newspapers, magazines, and the latest book, and was never known to appear cross or discouraged. There may be such women, I never saw one. Certainly they are not and never can be numerous. For the vast majority there is a limit to time and strength. Some things must be neglected.

The question then is, Which shall suffer, the house or the home?

Surely no true woman would decide in favor of the former. And what man does not enjoy a bright, cheerful, happy home, with wife not too tired to show her interest in all that concerns him and the children, even if some sweeping and dusting have been neglected, and the table lacks elaborately prepared dishes?

'Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?'

Out of Touch.

(Jean Watson.)

Only a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given her relief,
For her heart ached sore the while;
But weary and cheerless she went away,
Because, as it happened, that very day
You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
But oh! can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,
Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is, 'Abide with me';
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If 'out of touch' with your Lord.

Household Hints.

(Mary Graham, in 'Woman's Home Companion.')

A cooking teacher's directions for boiling vegetables, even onion, cabbage, or cauliflower, without filling the house with an unpleasant smell, are to cover the vegetables with boiling salted water and stand the kettle aside, where they cannot boil rapidly again, until tender. It is the steam, according to this authority, that is driven off by rapid boiling that carries away not only the odor but the flavor of vegetables.

Eat plenty of fruit. More fruit and fewer vegetables should be a household's policy. The buying of fruit that is in season means no unnecessary outlay of money, and the results, both as to health and satisfaction of the appetite, will be encouraging. There are qualities peculiar to each kind of fruit that render it of value to the system.

From the point of view of health the raw fruit is far better than the cooked. There is hardly a month that some kind of raw fruit cannot be had. The old farmhouse policy of keeping a barrel of red apples where anybody could help himself was very wise. If it accomplished nothing else, it at least saved doctors' bills. City homes and small houses and apartments cannot have the apple barrel, but even the people of small means can manage to have some fruit always on hand.

Foot Baths.

Foot baths of cool water, into which a considerable amount of listerine, half a cupful at least, is put, will be found to be a great relief to tender feet in this season. A chiropodist who gave this advice says, further, that the nails should always be cut straight across to the level of the top of the toe, as preventive of ingrowing nails. They will never grow in if the corners are left untouched, unless the shoe is worn entirely too short. 'Darned stockings, too,' he said, sententiously, 'keep me in business. Walking, at its best, is hard upon the feet of city dwellers, who must

tramp these unyielding pavements. The tiniest darn frets and rubs the skin, and is likely to create an inflammation which it will take professional treatment to relieve. Almost as bad as the darned stocking is the stocking with a hole in it. Few persons think of the comfort of their feet until the discomfort rouses them to desperate measures. In point of fact, no part of the human anatomy repays care so well as the feet, and no part more promptly and painfully resents abuse.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

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FREE KNIFE

We give this beautiful **Pearl-Handled, Four-Bladed** Knife of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, for selling only 6 packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each Package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Raymond Pelly, Hotland, Man., says: "My Knife is just beautiful, and is a most excellent Premium for the little work I did." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.**

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

Boys, don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**

FREE

IT WILL MAKE A CAT LAUGH

Genuine Columbia Phonograph

Given for selling only 2 **doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Wm. McKell, Pugwash, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in 15 minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence;" "The Mocking Bird;" Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. M. Payne, Brimston's Corners, Ont., says: "I think my Graphophone is a splendid premium for so little work." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 115 Toronto, Ont.**

4 BOOKS FREE

"Every Boy his own Toy-maker," tells you how to make a Steam Engine Magic Lantern, Camera, also Kites, Balloons, Bows and Arows, Bird Traps, etc., etc. **"Parlor Magic,"** teaches you how to perform over **100** tricks. **"How to train Animals,"** written by an experienced animal trainer, tells you how to teach your dog to leap, dance, sneeze, stand on his head, etc., how to train squirrels, cats, monkeys and all kinds of animals. **"The Big Value Premium Budget,"** a wonderful book, contains stories, exciting adventures, songs, tricks, games, jokes, riddles, and many other interesting things too numerous to mention. These books are full of interesting pictures, and neatly bound in attractive covers. **We give the whole 4** for selling only **10** glass Pens at **10c.** each. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 418 TORONTO, ONT.**

WALKING DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to get this big handsome Walking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **post card** at once and we will mail you **10** beautiful 14K. gold finished Stick Pins to sell at **15c.** each. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. When sold, send us $1.50 and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Walking** Doll. Dollie is a perfect beauty, beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She delights and pleases every little girl. Girls, order the 10 Stick Pins at once, sell them to your friends, and receive this big **Walking** Doll for your trouble. A 50c. certificate free with each Pin. **Maxwell Co., Dept 420 Toronto**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine.** **The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

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Sure Death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels Rabbits, etc. **Long Range, Terrific force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling only **1½** doz. Glass Pens at **10c.** each. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Glass Pens postpaid. Sell them, return $1.50, and we will immediately forward your Rifle. Don't delay. Howard Oliver, Baget, Man., says: "My Rifle is a dandy. It shoots swift, is well built and I am highly satisfied with it." Address **THE PEN CO., Toronto**

FREE

STEAM FIRE ENGINE. Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with a brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons,** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. **Everybody buys.** Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold all the Buttons in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **Gem Novelty Co.,** Dept. 425, Toronto.

FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvellous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 139 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 452, Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. S. Wilton, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received my Accordeon and am quite delighted with it. My friends were all surprised to see what a handsome Premium I got for so little trouble." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept 419 TORONTO, Ont.**

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Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Hoon, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, White-wood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

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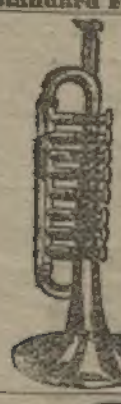

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful, clear, sweet tone, given for selling at **15c.** each only 8 beautiful 14K. gold finished Stick Pins. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs, set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c., and at our price, only **15c. go like wildfire.** Write us a **post card** to day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. A. Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., Premium for so little work." Address **THE MAXWELL CO., Dept. 446, Toronto, Ont.**

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Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 462, Toronto.

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Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** E. Criger, Welland, Ont., says. "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** for Pens to-day. Sell them, return the money and we will send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views. **The Pen Co. Dept. 461, Toronto.**

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Sunlight Acetylene Gas Lamp, made entirely of metal, with brightly burnished reflector. Gives a clear white brilliant light, equal to electricity. Just the thing for street parades, lawn parties, picnics, bicycling, etc. Can be carried on the cap or coat lapel. Everyone who goes out at night should have one. We give it free for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept. 457. Toronto**

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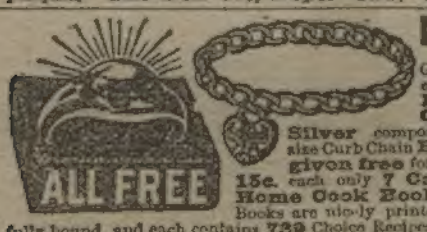

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A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **25c.**, postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

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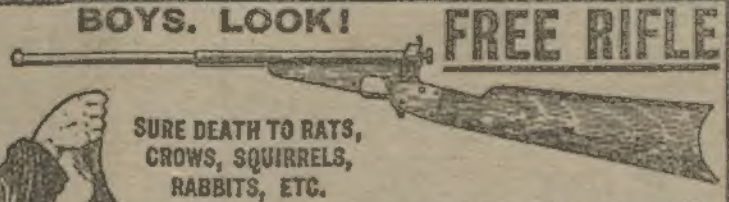
BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 414, Toronto.

TOY CANNON FREE

To any bright boy who will sell only **6** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. The Cannon is made of iron, nicely bronzed, and has a spring for shooting buckshot, peas, etc. The ammunition wagon and the artillery horses are very natural, and the gun carriage can be fastened or unfastened from the ammunition wagon just like a real big Cannon. It is a beautiful toy, and the best value we have ever given for so little work. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the **Seeds** postpaid. **The Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 416 Toronto

CLARIONET

FREE 13 inches long, nicely turned from selected wood, beautifully finished, with 8 nickel keys. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **10** packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that everybody buys. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** and we will send the Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we will send this Sweet-toned Clarionet, with complete Instructor and a large collection of popular pieces. John Craigshead, Campbellford, Ont., says: "I received your Clarionet and am highly pleased with it." **THE NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., DEPT. 422, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED

by selling at **15c.** each only **2½ Doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Mrs. Canning, Montague, N.S., says: "I had great success selling your Cook Books. Everyone was delighted with them." This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours, with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled, and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Company, Dept., 450, Toronto.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 60c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.,** Dept. 447 Toronto.

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at **10c.** each only **9** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5—Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English Steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address **The Pen Co., Dept. 458. Toronto.**

"Good-bye, Dolly Gray." "HE SAID WHEN HE KISSED ME AT PARTING," "MR. VOLUNTEER," "Sweet Annie Moore," "Mamie (Don't You Feel Ashamed)," "Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes," and 17 others, also the popular Militia March and three choice Recitations. The Songs mentioned are all full sheet music size (10 x 14 inches), nicely printed on good paper with colored covers. Sold separately these songs would cost you 50c. each. Our price for the entire lot only **10c.** or 3 for 25c. **Johnston & Co.,** Music Dept N. M. Toronto.

EARN THIS $50.00 SEAL COAT

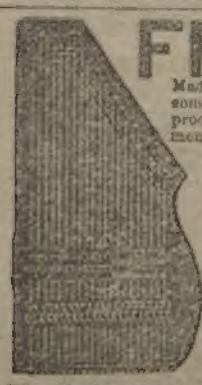
Not One Cent to Pay

out of your own pocket. Ladies, we give you this stylish, warm and handsome Electric Seal Coat made from full furred selected skins and lined with best Skinner's satin, for selling at 15c. each only 4 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books. These books have never before been sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, handsomely bound and each one contains 739 valuable and tried recipes for all kinds of plain and fancy dishes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Gertie Flaherty, Windsor Mills, Que., says:—"I sold all the Cook Books in less than two hours. Every person I called on took one and was pleased to get it." Doubtless you wonder how we can give you this costly fur coat for doing so little work, but having only a limited number of them left from our Christmas trade and being anxious to introduce our Cook Books into every home in Canada we have decided to make this unheard of bargain. You have no "Agents" to get, no "conditions" to comply with. All you have to do is to sell the 4 doz. Cook Books, which will take you only a short time, send us $7.20 received for them, and we will forward your coat at once. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. Don't put off writing until the coats are all gone. You will never get another chance like this. Home Specialty Co. Dept. 455, Toronto

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

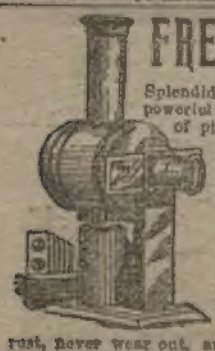
Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets**, set in a **beautifully engraved real solid Gold Ring**, given for selling at 15c. each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP



Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 5 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only 10 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Pitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well. Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. H. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 456, Toronto

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE



Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. **Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern and Engine.** **THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE Watch

Handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case,** richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold Designs, stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported jeweled movement. The richest looking Hunting Case Watch ever manufactured, given for selling at 10c. each only 2½ doz. Lemon, Vanilla and Almond, **Non-Alcoholic,** Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Sheal Lake, Man., says: "I sold all the flavoring powders in half-an-hour. It is just play to sell it." Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the powders postpaid. You have no "agents" to get, no "conditions" to comply with. Don't delay but write at once. L. Keeler, Welcome, Ont., says: "I received the Gold Watch and am more than pleased and satisfied with it. It far exceeds my expectations." **THE STANDARD FLAVORING CO., DEPT., 448, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE

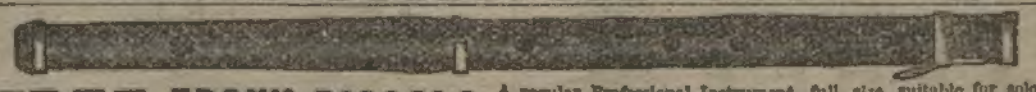
COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only 9 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 458 Toronto.**

FREE Watch and Chain and Rifle

Boys! Earn a handsome Silver Nickel **Watch,** elaborately engraved, with keyless wind imported works, a **Chain** and **Charm** and an **All-steel Long-distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model that shoots B.B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy, by selling at 15c. each only 20 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." With every book we give a 50c. certificate free. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return us $3.00 and we will forward at once the **Rifle, Watch and Watch Chain.** This is the biggest chance you ever had in your life. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Toronto.**

FREE EBONY PICCOLO



A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at 10c. each only 8 **Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Criger, Welland, Ont., says: "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Pens postpaid. M. McCurdy, Otterville, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 465 TORONTO.**

EARN 20 PREMIUMS

BY A FEW MINUTES' EASY WORK

Boys and Girls. How would you like to receive a great big package of gifts, containing dozens of different articles, without spending a cent of your money? We are giving away absolutely free a mammoth collection of goods which we have collected from all parts of the world, especially for boys and girls. It contains Rings, Pins, Chains, Whistles, Musical Instruments, Books, Pictures, Puzzles, Tricks, Games, Toys and Novelties of every kind and description. There is everything that a boy or girl could wish for. All you have to do in order to get these wonderful Premiums is to send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you 15 Glass Pens to sell at 10c. each. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** When you have sold the Pens return $1.50 and we will immediately forward **the whole 20 Premiums.** Write to-day and take advantage of this grand chance. **The Pen Co., Dept. 463 Toronto.**

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at 15c. each only 8 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. JESSIE BAXTER, SHERBROOKE, QUE., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. LIZZIE SPROUTE, NEWDALE, MAN., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 449. Toronto.**

BISQUE DOLL

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at 15c. each, only 1 **doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write for Cook Books to-day. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., TORONTO, Ontario.**

FREE SEWING MACHINE

given for selling at 10c. each only 5¼ **doz.** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading Hotels, Caterers and Restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** Edith McCallum, Port Arthur, Ont., said: "I sold a package at every place I called." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This is a real Sewing Machine, well made of finely tempered steel with patent feed motion, stitch regulator and self-setting needle. Just the thing for any kind of light work. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co., Dept. 467, Toronto, Ont.

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at 10c. each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Sheal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

FREE FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 9 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $45.00. We give it free for selling at 25c. each, only 1 **dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume,** the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 466, Toronto.**

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